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STEPHEN HELLER ON HECTOR BERLIOZ.¹

I CANNOT resist the pleasure of having a chat with you about Berlioz. You have been writing on the Paris Exhibition, and an article in which you speak a great deal of this highly gifted man has caused me to take the step I do. People in Germany appear to believe that in Paris Berlioz's music was everywhere misunderstood, misappreciated, and actually laughed to scorn. The majority of the public, many artists, and a portion of the press were, I certainly must admit, rather adverse than favorable. Still more frigid and repellent was naturally the demeanor adopted by the official guardians intrusted with the safe-keeping of the great seals of good taste: the sworn connoisseurs, the privy councilors of music, and all possessing a seat and vote in the *sacré collège* of the Conservatory and of the Institute. And they were not so wrong, after all, in making things rather uncomfortable for this Terrorist and his programme, which now and then was somewhat wild. I believe these more or less violent opponents of his to have been perfectly sincere, and I can very well understand how the composer of *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, a man deficient neither in talent nor wit, must necessarily regard Berlioz's first Symphony as the music of a lunatic asylum. But Berlioz's sternest critics were the "connoisseurs" of the educated higher classes. Reared in the religion of a certain music, they could see in Berlioz only a hateful and heretical reformer. A portion of these dilettantes acknowledged nothing save the simple moving or sparkling tunes of the old French music (Dalayrac, Méhul, Monsigny, Grétry, etc.); the graceful, piquant, wittily-animated, pleasing, and theatrical strains of comic opera; or, lastly, the magnificent, brilliant, and dramatically-colored productions of the Meyerbeerian muse. By far the most respectable part of these dilettantes had attained in the Conservatory concerts and the numerous quartet associations a not insignificant amount of

musical education, in about the same way as by frequent and observant visits to museums and galleries a man may gain an eye for painting and sculpture. Now, when all these various classes of persons fond of music, especially the last named, turned with dissatisfaction from Berlioz's compositions, it must be granted that they did not do so out of blind hostility, and could be at no loss to justify their blame and their taste. His weaker opponents objected to him because they could not at once retain in their heads his melodies (supposing any were to be found in what he wrote), and that to understand such complicated architecture required a very learned musician. Others laughed at his ultra-romantic programmes, at the masses of instruments, and at the mad demands he made upon the performers. His strongest opponents, however, had very weighty grounds for their strictures on the new music. They relied on Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The works of these great benefactors were forcing their way every day more deeply and more convincingly into the souls of mankind as represented in Paris. When these lofty names were pronounced, Berlioz's boldest adherents were silent. . . . I have employed the word adherents; I wanted to make you understand that, while this very eminent man certainly had, and even still has, numerous adversaries, he had at a very early date attracted round him a constantly increasing circle of friends, partisans, and even unbounded admirers.

As far back as 1838, when I first came to Paris, Berlioz stood quite apart from all other artists there. Even then it was impossible any longer to dispute his right to the name of a daring seeker after the great in art. His works, his words, and his whole bearing gave him the air of a revolutionist as regards the old musical régime, which he was fond of supposing had lived itself out. I do not know whether he was a Girondin or a Terrorist, but I believe he was not unwilling to declare Rossini, Cherubini, Auber, Hérold, Boieldieu, etc., those "Pitts" and "Coburgs" of the corrupt state of music, guilty of high treason, and to put them on their trial. The horrible aristocrats of music were played every day, and, in receiving the regulated percentage on the receipts, were sucking the marrow of their subjects, the public.

But Paris is the only place in the world where people understand all situations, and like to search out the strangest among them, for the purpose, to a certain degree, of encouraging and supporting them. Only the situation must possess some especial features; it must have a physiognomy of its own, or be characterized by something pathetic. In a word, a man must have a *legend* circulated around him. Berlioz had several legends. There was his invincible passion for music,—a passion which neither threats nor poverty could diminish,—he, the son of a well-to-do physician in high repute at Grenoble, being compelled to become a chorus-singer at one of the smallest theatres; there was his fantastic love for Miss Smithson, who, as Ophelia and Juliet, had carried him away, though he did not understand a word of English; and, lastly, there was his *Symphonie Fantastique*, depicting his feelings, and, when heard by her, causing the English actress, who,

on her part, understood nothing about music, to reciprocate his love,—all these things furnished Berlioz with the situation here necessary for exciting the sympathies of certain enthusiasts. Men of this kind, intelligent, partial, ready for any service and frequently capable of any sacrifice, are to be found in Paris by every man of genuine talent, provided that talent be exhibited in a certain light. Thus, a few months after I first made his acquaintance, I saw that Berlioz was beginning to be accepted as the head and chief of the unappreciated geniuses of Paris. He was unappreciated, it is true. But like a man who might easily be so. Berlioz raised the non-appreciation of talent to a dignity, for the appreciation, nay, the profound admiration, of a large circle caused the want of appreciation to appear so glaring and so unlovable that it obtained for its object new friends every day. This compensation would have sufficed to make a man of a more philosophical disposition feel happier. The delicate sense of the Parisians (I mean of a certain class among them) was hurt and insulted at seeing an artist, who had at any rate given proof of eminent talent, glowing zeal, and high courage, persecuted, blamed, and plunged in poverty. And Frenchmen are not contented with merely loving quietly and platonically; with wishing a friend every possible kind of good fortune, and then leaving matters to take their own course. They are active, set about a thing in good earnest, and do not require to be adjoined in the name of everything that is holy to open their lips for the purpose of uttering a few enthusiastic words for an unappreciated artist needful of praise. The French government, in the person of Count Gasparin, one of the ministers, made a beginning, and ordered of Berlioz a Requiem (a work, by the way, full of magnificent things), and subsequently the funeral music for the interment of those who fell in July,—also, of its kind, an admirable tone-painting, only not so well known. Meanwhile, all more or less gifted, more or less unappreciated, art disciples and apprentices ranged themselves around their honored chief. They were apostles, clients, and business men given to Berlioz by nature. It was especially members of other professions who were attracted towards him,—when not by his music, by his poetic intentions and picturesque programmes. Nearly all the painters (who as a rule have a taste for music), engravers, sculptors, and architects were numbered among his adherents. To these must be added many of the best poets and romance writers, such as Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Dumas, De Vigny, Balzac; the painters Delacroix, Ary Scheffer, etc., who saw in him, and very justly, an adept of the romantic school. All these great writers, who had not a spark of music in themselves, and who, in the most solemn scenes of their dramas, had a waltz by Strauss played to heighten the emotion or terror,—it is true the waltz was played in a slow and solemn manner, with mutes and a certain amount of tremolo,—all these men raved about Berlioz, and demonstrated their sympathy by their words and their writings. Lastly, with all these active propagandists of the quasi-unappreciated Berlioz was allied a section—small, indeed, but influential—of

¹ Addressed to Dr. Hanslick, and published by him in the *Neue freie Presse*. Translated in the *London Musical World*.

the fashionable and elegant world, people who desired to obtain at a cheap rate the reputation of freethinkers. They were not capable of distinguishing a sonata of Wanhall's or Diabelli's from one of Beethoven's, but they cried out against the criminal sensuousness of modern music; they ridiculed those of their own station who reveled in Meyerbeer, Rossini, and Auber, and prophesied the destruction of such vicious, short-skirted melodies, and the victory of a new, world-moving, sublime, and eternally virile art.

If now you add the not inconsiderable number of good and genuine musicians capable of understanding the really bold and grandiose, the frequently wonderful originality and the magical orchestration of his scores, you will allow that Berlioz did not live and work in such isolation as he was fond of asserting. From 1838, the instances growing more frequent with the course of time, detached pieces of his symphonies found brilliant, nay general, recognition. They were encoired and tumultuously applauded. I will mention merely the "Marche au Supplice" in the *Symphonie Fantastique*, the "Marche des Pélerins" and the "Sérénade dans les Abruzzes" in *Harold en Italie*, the party at Capulet's in *Roméo et Juliette*, several things from *La Fuite en Egypte*, the overture to the *Carnival Romain*, etc. That much of high significance in his works was only slightly successful cannot be denied. But to how many equally great, nay greater, artists has this not happened? There was scarcely ever an artist so much a stranger to anything like resignation, that German virtue, as Berlioz, and it was in vain that I played the part of a German Plutarch, relating to him traits from the lives of such men as Weber, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schiller (whom he liked very much), etc.

He often complained bitterly and compared his own successes with those of the then popular composers for the stage; but whenever he did so, I used to say to him: "My good friend, you want too much; you want everything. You despise the general public, and yet want them to admire you. You despise, in virtue of your right as a noble-minded and original artist, the approbation of the majority, and yet you bitterly experience the want of it. You wish to be a bold innovator, an opener-up of new paths; but, at the same time, you desire to be understood and valued by all. You desire to please only the noblest and the strongest, and yet you are angry at the coldness of the indifferent — at the insufficiency of the weak. Do you not desire to be solitary, inaccessible, and poor, like Beethoven, and yet surrounded by the great and the little ones of this world — loaded with all the gifts of fortune, with honors, with titles, and with offices? You have attained what the nature of your talent and of your whole being can attain. You have not the majority on your side, but an intellectual minority exerts itself to uphold and encourage you. You have achieved for yourself a thoroughly special place in the world of art; you possess many enthusiastic friends — nor are you, thank God, without redoubtable foes, who keep your friends vigilant. Your material means of existence have, thank goodness, been assured for sev-

eral years; and, finally, you may with certainty reckon on something hitherto valued by all men of mind and heart — the more thorough recognition which posterity has in store for you." I often succeeded in reviving his spirits, a fact he always admitted with friendly and touching words. I remember with especial pleasure one particular instance. We were spending the evening as the guests of B. Damecke — also one of those now no more — and of his wife, whose goodness of heart and kind hospitality Berlioz gratefully mentions in his Memoirs. We were in the habit of meeting there nearly every evening, Berlioz, J. d'Ortigue (a learned writer on musical and literary history), Léon Kreutzer, and others. We used to chat, criticise, and play music, freely and without constraint. This little circle, also, has been thinned by death; latterly Berlioz and myself were the only members of it left. Well, one evening that Berlioz again began his old lament, I answered him in the manner described above. I finished my sermon; it was eleven o'clock, and the cold December night outside was dark and dreary. Tired and out of sorts, I lighted a cigar. Suddenly, Berlioz started up with youthful alacrity from the sofa on which he was accustomed to stretch himself in his muddy boots, to the secret anguish of the cleanly and order-loving Damecke. "Ha!" he cried, "Heller is right — is not he? He is always right. He is good, he is clever, he is just and wise; I will embrace him," he continued, kissing me on both cheeks, "and propose to the sage a piece of folly." — "I am ready for any such act," I replied. "What do you propose?" — Let us go and sup together at Bignon's" (a celebrated restaurateur's at the corner of the Chaussée d'Antin). "I did not make a very good dinner, and your sermon has inspired me with a desire for immortality and a few dozen oysters." — "All right," I replied, "we will drink the health of Beethoven, and that of Lucullus too; we will drown and forget in the noblest wines of France, with *pâtés de foie gras* to match, the sorrows which vex our souls." — "Our host," said Berlioz, "can stop at home, for he has a charming wife. We, however, who are not so blessed, will be off to the wine-shop — I will hear no objection! The matter is settled." The old, fiery Berlioz was once more awakened within him. So we sauntered, arm in arm, joking and laughing, down the long Rue Blanche and the equally long Chaussée d'Antin, and entered the brilliantly-lighted restaurant. It struck half-past eleven, and there were very few customers in the place, a fact at which we were well pleased. We ordered oysters, *pâtés de foie gras*, a cold fowl, salad, fruit, and some of the best champagne and most genuine Bordeaux.

Berlioz, as well as myself, was the more inclined to do all honor to this admirable repast because, like me, he was usually very moderate and simple in his mode of living. At one o'clock the gas was extinguished, and the waiters glided gapingly about us (we were quite alone; the other customers had left) as if to remind us that we ought to go. The doors were closed and wax candles brought. "Waiter!" exclaimed Berlioz, "you are trying by all kinds of pantomimic action to

make us believe it is late. Let me beg you, however, to bring us two demi-tasses of coffee and some real Havana cigars." So we went on till two o'clock. "At present," said Berlioz, "we will be off, for my mother-in-law is now in her best sleep and I have well-founded hopes that I shall wake her up." During supper we spoke of our favorites, Beethoven, Shakspeare, Lord Byron, Heine, and Gluck, and continued to do so as we slowly walked the long distance to his house, which was not far from mine. This was the last merry, lively social evening I spent with him. Unless I am mistaken, it was in 1867 or 1868.

It was in the same year that he was seized with a sort of passion for reading Shakspeare, in the French translation, to some few friends. We used to meet at his lodgings at eight o'clock in the evening, and he would read us some seven or eight pieces.

He read well, but was frequently very greatly moved; in especially fine passages the tears used to course down his cheeks. He would, however, still go on and hastily wipe away his tears so as not to interfere with the reading. The only persons present on such occasions were the Dameckes and two or three other friends. One of the latter, an old and well-tried comrade of Berlioz's, but with no great literary culture, undertook of his own accord the office of a *claqueur*. He listened with profound attention and endeavored to discover in the countenances of the other members of the audience and of the reader the right moment for manifesting his enthusiasm. As he did not venture to applaud, he invented an original method for expressing his approval. Every extraordinarily fine passage, delivered and received with deep emotion, was accompanied on his part by the half audible emission of some oath or other usually heard among the lower classes and in the workshops. Thus, after the poet's most touching scenes we were greeted with: "Nom d'un nom! Nom d'une pipe! S . . . matin!" After this had been repeated some dozen times, Berlioz, suddenly bursting out angrily, and breaking off in the middle of a verse, thundered forth: "Ah ça, voulez-vous bien f . . . le camp avec vos nom d'une pipe!" Hereupon the offender, pale with dismay, took to flight, and Berlioz with perfect composure resumed the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*. — What I once told you touching Berlioz's short musical memory referred to modern music, with which he was not very familiar. But he retained well the music he had studied. Such music included more especially Beethoven's orchestral works (he was not so well up in the quartets and piano-forte pieces); then the operas of Gluck and Spontini, as likewise those of Grétry, Méhul, Dalayrac, and Monsigny. Despite his marvelous hatred of Rossini, he was a warm admirer of two of that master's scores: *Le Conte Ory* and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. Berlioz was one of those genuine artists who are carried away and moved to tears by every production which is in its way perfect. I was with him at Adelina Patti's first appearance here in *Il Barbiere*. You will believe me when I assure you that, in the most joyous and most charming passages of the work, his eyes were suffused with tears. But what

shall I say about *Die Zauberflöte*, which also I heard in company with him! He entertained a sort of childish indignation for what he termed Mozart's culpable concessions. By these he meant Don Ottavio's air, Donna Anna's air in F, and the famous bravura airs of the Queen of Night. Nothing could induce him to acknowledge the excellence of these pieces, apart from their dramatic value, which is certainly not as great as that of many others. But how truly delighted was I to see the deep and powerful impression the opera produced on him. He had often heard it before, but whether he was in a better frame of mind, or whether the work was better represented, he said the music had never previously penetrated so profoundly into his heart. Nay, his exaltation in two or three instances became so loud that our neighbors in the stalls, who were picking their teeth and wanted quietly to digest their dinner, complained of such "indiscreet" enthusiasm.

One evening at a quartet concert we heard Beethoven's Quartet in E minor. We were seated in a distant corner of the room. While I was listening to this wonderful work, my feelings were those of a devout Roman Catholic who hears mass with deep piety and fervor, but, at the same time, with calmness and clear consciousness; the sublime feeling he experiences has been long familiar to him. Berlioz, on the other hand, resembled a neophyte; a kind of joyous dread at the sacred and sweet secret revealed to him was mixed up with his devotion. His countenance beamed with transport during the Adagio—he was, so to speak, transfigured. Some other fine works were set down for performance, but we left, and I accompanied him to his house. The Adagio still reëchoed prayer-like in our souls. Not a word was exchanged between us. On my taking leave of him, he grasped my hand and said: "Cet homme avait tout . . . et nous n'avons rien."

At that moment he was crushed, annihilated, by the gigantic grandeur of "cet homme."—One more short anecdote: Near the house where Damcke resided, in the Rue Mansard, there was an especially large white stone laid down in the pavement. Every evening that we returned from the Rue Mansard, Berlioz used to place himself on this stone as he wished me good-night. One evening (a few months before his last illness) we bade each other good-by in a hurried fashion, for it was cold, and a thick, yellow fog hung over the streets. We were already ten paces' distance from each other, when I heard Berlioz crying out: "Heller! Heller! Where are you? Come back! I did not bid you good-night on the white stone." We came together again and began looking about in the pitch-dark night for the indispensable stone, which, by the way, had among other characteristics a peculiar shape. I took out my matches, but they would not light in the damp air. We both groped about the pavement until at last the weather-beaten stone gleamed on us. Placing his foot with the greatest seriousness on it, Berlioz said: "Thank God! I am standing on it. Now, then, good-night!" And so say I to you, my dear sir. My pen ran away with me—I could not pull it up. STEPHEN HELLER.

JOSEPH JOACHIM.

(From the Pesther Lloyd.)

THE eminent master of the violin is once again stopping in our midst, and great is the feeling of pleasure and delight among the friends of art in the Hungarian capital, to whose lot it has fallen once more to enjoy the rarely occurring treat of hearing, after a long, a too long interval, Joseph Joachim, the celebrated son of our native land. A decennium has elapsed since he last entranced us with the display of his artistic power. How often have we since then yearned to hear him! A few years ago he was in Vienna, and we thought we might hope that, remembering his home, at so short a distance off, and his faithful, devoted admirers, he would gladden us with a visit,—but our hopes were vain! Let us, however, leave the past and rejoice in the present, which has at length so generously favored us by fulfilling our long-cherished wish. Let us congratulate ourselves on seeing the well-loved master, fresh in mind and body, among us, surrounded by his old admirers, and received with feelings of pleased expectation by all those who will now become acquainted with and hear him for the first time. The former do not need to be informed what Joachim is and of what kind is his artistic significance. A conviction of the great artist's extraordinary worth must spontaneously have forced, and forever impressed, itself on all who at any period in their lives heard him. But, at the present time, when men live so quickly and forget so quickly, it will not be superfluous shortly to characterize Joachim's significance, fully and completely to realize the value of him whose appearance to-day is an event in the musical existence of our capital. We do not possess among our contemporaries so many heroes in the world of art that, in the case of this great one among the great, we should not like to dwell awhile on the thankful remembrance of what we have received from him.

What is it, then, which raises Joachim above all his predecessors, the most celebrated violinists of the century,—which precludes all comparison between his art and the virtuosity of Paganini, Ernst, Lipinski, Beriot, and even Vieuxtemps, and which stamps him as undoubtedly superior to the most eminent living masters of the violin? Joachim is greater than all these because, to express the matter briefly, he possesses a style of his own. It is significant that, in Joachim's case, we never think of the virtuoso. Are his technical capability and development inferior, then, to those of any among the artists above named? Not at all. If the sign of perfect virtuosity consists in playful facility and unerring certainty, Joachim is surpassed by no one. But it is not this, or at least not this alone, which renders him the first among the great ones in his art. His high musical significance is rooted in the depth and grandeur of his conception and execution, both of which together cause the act of the executive artist, reproduction, as an independent product of no small artistic value, to appear like an important musical creation. As the interpreter of the musical classical writers for the violin, Joachim is more than a mere player, he is a plastic artist; he fashions, while others are satisfied with reproducing what already exists.

It is here plainly perceptible how eminent art individualities contain in themselves the incentive for the clearing up of complicated artistic problems. Joachim's artistic peculiarity is connected with one of the innermost questions of musical aesthetics, the much disputed difference between executive and creative art. In an essay written with considerable cleverness, Franz Liszt once refused to recognize this difference. Some

persons may feel inclined to explain this view, for which, be it observed, there are weighty reasons, by the well-known variance between Liszt the virtuoso and Liszt the composer; but, even when it may not be so glaringly apparent, we agree with Hegel's clear definition of virtuosity (in his *Ästhetik*), and concede the possibility of creatively fashioning, independent, reproduction. This may be characterized as the acme of artistic perfection, as the privilege of genius, for whom the secret of the inmost sanctuary of art has been thrown open. Such reproduction appropriates the musical material as the mere background on which to execute its own intellectual work. It is this which breathes into the composer's tone-outline glowing life, which bestows shape on the composer's creations, and permeates them with its own individuality. In such a sense we may certainly speak of an independently active power of reproduction, which gives forth nothing on which it has not impressed the intellectual stamp of its artistic self.

This is what most popular virtuosos on the violin have been unable to do! They have been able to dazzle and to fascinate; with daring feats of enormous executive skill to throw the great mass of concert-goers into transports and ecstasy. Even they, despite their want of true intensity and of artistic intention, have rendered indisputable service; they have brought to perfection the technical means of expression, and contributed powerfully towards popularizing art. But for intellectual deeds, which have advanced the interests of art itself, we look to them in vain. In their case, the artist's individuality is still identified with his performance; this is the condition of merely interesting subjectivity. It was reserved for Joachim to create, on an essentially different and ever enduring basis, a new kind of virtuosity, and to bring out in the latter that objectivity which bears in itself the mark of the classical, that objectivity which, in plastic art, we admire in the model works of Greek sculptors.

There are players who play in a subjectively fine manner. Every note speaks and every phrase is intelligible. But the expression of the whole picture strikes us as changed, as strange. And there are players who play in an objectively fine manner; with whom all is harmony (in the highest sense), calm, clear, and distinguished; with whom all is finished and complete in itself, and these are the true artists.

Perfection of form, steady, calm completeness, plasticity of expression, such are the classical elements in the art of execution. All technical mastery is a mere means for the expression of truth, that is, of something very different from mere brilliant virtuosity. Intellectual penetration for the details of a whole constitutes the genius of execution. But genius requires high intelligence as much as it requires stern artistic training. "Every one who thinks that genius can be without understanding," says Jean Paul, "thinks without understanding himself."

The purity and nobleness of his artistic sentiment are the most admirable traits in Joachim's character. Whatever he plays is pure truth, clear and sterling, like his whole nature, his appearance, and the entire course of his long, glorious, and beneficial efforts in the service of art. Joachim never plays for effect; he plays for the piece. His absolute calm and imperturbability, together with his classical demeanor, set the finishing touch on his virtuosity. The masses do not always know how to appreciate this objectivity. It does not excite and carry them away, as do the inspiration and lightning-like manifestation of genial fancy. But the mild light of this vestal fire on the altar of art is none the less brilliant.

The task of the instrumental virtuoso consists in

rendering a composition intelligible to the hearer; more intelligible than as a rule it can possibly be. This means a great deal. "A man cannot write everything down," said Meyerbeer once regretfully, when asked for directions, affecting even the slightest details, as to the gradations of light and shade which he desired. Of Bach's works we possess nothing authentic but the notes; none of the usual signs; not even the specification of the time, which would come from himself. Everything relating to the style of execution, the degree of force, the tempo, the rhythm, and the *cæsura*, the performer must obtain from the commentaries, if he is so inclined, or from himself! The decisive part of this process is always the grasping of the musical purport of the idea. This is something which concerns the intelligence, an intellectual process. In this again lies Joachim's greatness. The psychological conception of a musical composition, the congenial insight into the composer's intentions, though buried far below the surface, — this is what marks Joachim as destined to be the interpreter of the musical classics, of the Bachs and the Beethovens. That artist more than any other will always be the classical Bach-performer who masters with calm certainty the mighty forms of musical architecture. Bach's music is an intellectual chalybeate spring which comforts, strengthens, and preserves us from being enervated by the luscious music of the present. Before many days have passed we shall once again hear it performed by Joachim, though we shall, it is true, hear only one piece, the world-renowned Chaconne, but we shall have an opportunity of admiring in it his grandiose conception, the plasticity of his expression, the nobleness and volume of his tone. Unfortunately we are not fated, during his present visit, to hear the gem of all his efforts, his performance of Beethoven's Violin Concerto, a loss for which nothing can indemnify us. A clever writer on music, Otto Gumprecht, of Berlin, the musical critic of the *National Zeitung*, says in reference to this: "For the first time I have brought away with me from a performance an impression of absolute perfection. Even in the very smallest details we had a most true and inspired reproduction of the work, a reproduction in which every component part, including the grand interpolated cadence in the first movement, seemed a factor necessitated by the inward nature of the production. There was nothing superfluous, no empty virtuoso-like ornamentation, but everything, every staccato, crescendo, sforzato, was justified by the work as a whole. After the concert it struck me that the greatest wonders of bravura had passed by unheeded: double-stopping, chromatic runs in octaves, and I know not what else; but during the performance I scarcely noticed all this, for the virtuoso is here merged completely in the artist; the former is utterly concealed by the latter. Our city must not allow this master of the violin to leave us, but secure him permanently, no matter at what price."

The wish has been fulfilled. Joachim resides in Berlin, where, both in the concert-room and in the High School of Music under his direction, there is the grandest field for his exertions. An imposing array of gifted and accomplished young artists honor in him their master, who has brought them up in the traditions of the classical school.

It need scarcely be mentioned that Joachim, who above all things values with unshakable fidelity and truthfulness the purity of music, is opposed to the destructive tendencies of the New German School. Just as he is the most characteristic among the virtuosos of the present, just as during the whole of his long professional career he has preserved immaculate the purity of a true priest of art, his place in the musical life of

the present day is not amid the turmoil of those engaged in struggling with each other, but in that sanctuary whither the noise of the every-day world and the strife of party do not penetrate, and before which the mighty names of musical history, Bach and Beethoven, keep guard like the cherubim with swords of flame.

MAX SCHÜTZ.

LORENZO SALVI.

THE death of Lorenzo Salvi, the once famous tenor, is announced. It is now nearly thirty years ago that the lovers of music in this city became enthusiastic over the singing of Salvi, but there are doubtless many who retain affectionate recollections of him, and who will learn of his death with a feeling almost of personal loss.

Lorenzo Salvi was born at Bergamo, Italy, in 1812. His first appearance as a public singer was at Rome, in 1832, and during the next few years he sang in Naples, Venice, and Vienna with great success. In 1846 he visited Moscow and St. Petersburg, and two years later he appeared in London. In 1849 he was induced to visit Havana by Signor Marti, a well-known theatrical manager of that day, and the following year he was brought to New York by Max Maretzek. His first appearance here was at the Astor Place Opera House. Afterward he was engaged at Castle Garden and at Niblo's. He remained here for several months and then went to Mexico with his manager. In 1851 he returned to Italy by way of New York. He continued to sing for several years, and visited Spain and other countries; but about ten years ago he retired from the stage and has since resided at Bologna.

As a singer, Salvi was regarded as the best tenor of his time; and by those who knew him most intimately, it is claimed that, with the exception of Mario, he was the best tenor upon the American stage. His voice was not very strong, but it was clear and sweet, and was cultivated in a rare degree. He was a tall, finely formed and very handsome man; and his personal attractions, united with the magic of his voice, were sufficient to captivate any audience. He made his debut here in *La Favorita*, and from the first his success was marvelous. In other operas he was equally as popular as in *La Favorita*. He was the first to give Meyerbeer's *Prophet* in this country. He also sang here in *Maria di Rohan*, by Donizetti, which was written expressly for him. When Jenny Lind came to this country, Mr. Barnum secured Salvi as the tenor of the company, although it required an almost fabulous sum to induce him to abandon his engagement with Maretzek. His success in New York and his engagement with Barnum soon filled his purse, but the money was spent as easily and almost as soon as it was obtained.

The condition of his countrymen in this city aroused Salvi's warmest sympathy, and he did what he could to relieve their distress, and to put them on the road to prosperity. Among his many plans for their benefit, the attempt to establish a number of them in business on Staten Island was characteristic of the man, and eventually cost him all that he was worth. It was during his most prosperous days that he purchased or leased an estate on Staten Island and started a large candle manufactory, the business being conducted by several of his countrymen. He also fitted up in the house rooms for himself and some of his intimate friends. One room was prepared especially for Garibaldi, who was then here, and for whom Salvi entertained warm affection. These rooms were the scene of many meetings of Italian patriots as also of many a convivial party.

In the winter of 1850, Salvi went to Mexico with Max Maretzek, but the venture did not prove a profitable one. After a few months he returned to New York without funds. He found that the factory had not been successfully conducted, and the men to whom he had confided it had sold or mortgaged the entire property. His bad fortune had a depressing effect upon his spirits, and he determined to return to Italy. He refused all proffered engagements here, and no persuasion of his friends could turn him from his purpose to seek his native land. The money for the voyage was furnished by one of his friends, who is still a resident of this city, and in the fall of 1851 Salvi left this country never to return.

To the general American public Salvi was not so well known as many foreign singers who have visited the country since his departure. His stay here was comparatively short, and, except in New York, he sang mostly in company with Jenny Lind, whose fame overshadowed his own. — *N. Y. Tribune*, March 15.

TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.¹

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

III.

THE lines of action in that boy's head and shoulders are not right. See how comfortably the shoulder comes up to meet the face, and how easy the action is! An easy thing like that ought to be done easily. You can't do it by getting frightened and worried about it. And see how little difficulty there is in setting it right! Get the action right before you finish it at all. The action is the truly important thing, and you can't add it to your finish if you get that first.

It is not that I don't want you to finish things. Carry them just as far as you like, but do have something right to start upon. Hardly anybody can change the action after a picture is carried far. It is sometimes done, but is hardly ever possible. Besides, in a figure like that boy's, the slouch and ease with which he sits are the native things about him.

I'm dreadfully afraid that they'll beat you at the Art Museum School. There they are made to be as careful as can be about all their drawing. Perhaps I should have done better to have begun so with you. I preferred to show you how to make pictures, and to *will* you to learn, and to give you as much of my own life as I could. And that's a good way, if you'll take pains about the important things. But not one in a dozen of you ever uses a vertical line. You don't know what it is to dig.

Look at that boy now! See the ease of that slouch! It's as royal as Henry the Eighth. And see how his arms make a wreath together, and how his body is like part of another wreath! It would be very hard to draw that. Knowledge of the figure would not do it, and yet it could not be done without it. Prudhon could do little fellows like him. If you can't see the humanity in such a thing, and feel it too, it is n't worth while to draw it.

You must find something that you really care for, and do it. I remember that little dead bird of yours. That had a meaning of its own, and that's what I want you to try to express. Otherwise there's no use in learning. I remember men in Paris who used to work in the *ateliers* for nine or ten years, and produce nothing of their own. They could draw the figure well enough, — worse, perhaps, as they went on; but nothing would come of it.

I want you to apply what I've said to your-

¹ Copyright, 1879, by Helen M. Knowlton.

selves individually, and find what you have to express. I don't want you to think that continual instruction is all that you need; that you are to go on for years having things told you, and accomplishing next to nothing. You ought to have something of your own to express; to work patiently on it, and do with it as well as you can. Remember why you are studying. Our plan is right, but you must accomplish something with it.

Whistler was quite right in prosecuting Ruskin. Such criticism should not be allowed — endangering a man's chance of earning his bread — for all the English follow Ruskin like sheep. Whistler is an excellent painter. When he works, he works like a tiger. I saw at Rossetti's house a picture of his, a beach, and supposed that it was done in a day, it was painted so simply and freshly; but Rossetti told me that he had worked over parts of it again and again before he was satisfied with it.

Whistler's pamphlet calls out a lot of silly replies; but not one that is a real answer. He paints his pictures, and is called a conceited puppy and a coxcomb. He publishes a ten-cent pamphlet in order to defend himself, and now the critics fall upon him and call his talk "nonsense, — worse than his pictures," etc. But not one of them can answer him, nor can they write a pamphlet for which anybody would pay ten cents.

The way to criticise is to do something better yourself; to show what you mean. It's the producers we care for, not for the men who go about abusing other people.

All the world laughs at chromos, but each of those very people has a chromo enshrined in his very heart as a standard by which to run down pictures. Talk about a skeleton in a closet! It is n't anything to a chromo.

When you want to catch a lion you must go at night and alone.

"Is there any good book about drawing oxen?"

No, there is n't any book but out-of-doors.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1879.

AUGUST KREISSMANN.

THE sad news comes from Germany to many friends in Boston of the death of this excellent artist, this long-suffering, generous, noble man; the founder and for many years conductor of the Orpheus Society, the oldest of our part-song clubs; for a long time our best vocal exponent of the songs of Franz, as well as of Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn and others; an inspiring teacher of singing, who initiated his pupils into the love of what is best in music; distinguished for his warm and faithful friendships, his benevolence, his public spirit, his frank and manly independence, and beloved through many winning social qualities. He died on the 12th ult. at the age of fifty-six years, at Gera, in the principality of Reuss, where he has for several years been forced to reside by his terrible rheumatic sufferings, in the vain hope of cure. Only brief, illusive periods of comparative health and strength came to him; and at such moments his fine voice returned, so that he made a marked impression by his songs in several concerts, once winning the admiration of Liszt by his singing of the Franz songs in one of his private mornings at Weimar. — At a meeting of the Orpheus Society on the receipt of the news of his death, the following resolutions were adopted: —

Resolved, That by the death of August Kreissmann the society loses one of its most loved and honored members;

one whose services as conductor were freely given for many years; one whose influence was powerful in the early days, when strong men were needed; one whose musical knowledge aided in placing the society on the firm basis of art, and one whose generous and manly character endeared him to every member.

Resolved, That the progress of music in this city, and throughout the country, is largely indebted to his energetic efforts, and to the enthusiastic spirit which he infused into the drill of the male chorus, and that every existing musical organization has found its pathway smoothed by the steady and unselfish labors of the first conductor of the Orpheus.

Resolved, That in recalling his natural gifts and his culture as a singer in connection with his learning and experience in the science of music, we appreciate the power of the fortunate combination, and acknowledge the great services he was able to render.

Resolved, That we tender our profound sympathy to his widow and his son in their great and irreparable loss.

Resolved, That the officers of the Orpheus be requested to convene the singing members on some evening to be named for the purpose of joining in a simple memorial musical service in the presence of the whole society.

THE WORKS OF PALESTRINA.

THE indefatigable choir-master of Ratisbon (Regensburg) Cathedral, Rev. F. X. Haberl, is engaged on a work of truly colossal dimensions, being nothing less than the publication, by subscription, of a complete edition of the works of Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina. An extract from his Prospectus will explain the plan, which surely needs no commendation: —

"The renowned publishing firm of Breitkopf & Haertel, in Leipzig, has for some years past been elaborating a plan for giving to the world a splendid monumental edition of all the works of the immortal master and *Princeps Musicæ*, the so-called Palestrina. Six volumes are now ready, beautifully brought out, in exactly the same style as the world-renowned editions of the works of J. S. Bach, G. F. Handel, L. van Beethoven, etc. By a contract entered into with the undersigned, Breitkopf & Haertel undertake to publish all the works of Palestrina, about thirty-six volumes, by the year 1894, the tercentenary celebration of Pierluigi's death, provided three hundred subscribers can be found to constitute a Palestrina society. I therefore earnestly hope that you and friends may join in this undertaking. The only condition stipulated is that as soon as the requisite number of subscribers shall have been found, each shall pay a yearly subscription of twenty marks (\$5.00). In return the subscribers shall receive each year two volumes of from 160 to 170 pages, large folio size, and can have eventually through me the six volumes already published at ten marks, (\$2.50) each. This subscription is not enforced until the full number of three hundred subscribers is completed. Payment beforehand will not be received."

Further information, for the benefit of any who may be interested in the publication on our side of the Atlantic, comes to us in the following circular appended to Father Haberl's Prospectus: —

The modest manifesto gives a very inadequate idea of the work undertaken. The thirty-six volumes will comprise all the masses of Palestrina, ninety-three in number, of which only sixteen have ever been published in modern form. These will occupy fourteen to sixteen volumes. There will be six or eight volumes of motets, over four hundred in number; one volume of Hymns for four voices; two volumes of Lamentations, for four, five, and six voices; one volume of Magnificats, for four, five, six, and eight voices; one volume of Litanies for four, six, and eight voices; and finally, two to three volumes of Madrigals, for four and five voices. These volumes, moreover, are brought out in Breitkopf & Haertel's best style, large folio size, splendid paper, and clear, distinct musical type. Again, the privilege accorded by our late Holy Father to Father Haberl of examining and copying the archives of the Sistine Chapel — a privilege denied to all previous petitioners — gives the advantage of being able to guarantee the authenticity of the genuine works of Palestrina, as well as to eliminate all that might be doubtful or spurious. The Reverend Editor has authorized the undersigned to receive subscriptions from North America. Intending subscribers will therefore kindly send their names and addresses to me, and I shall forward them to the Father Haberl without delay. Should any wish to have the six volumes already published, I will undertake to order them.

Ecclesiastical colleges and seminaries and musical libraries should not be unprovided with this splendid work, and the smallness of the subscription spread over such a long period — fifteen years — will, I doubt not, complete the list of three hundred in a very short time.

The net price of each volume to subscribers of the United States is \$3.50, including the expenses for carriage and de-

livery, etc.; to non-subscribers \$4.75, so that subscribers save \$1.25 on each volume, or \$45.00 on the entire work.

J. SINGENBERGER,
Professor of Music and President of the American St. Cecilia Society, St. Francis Station, Milwaukee Co., Wis.

CONCERTS.

WE must look back again to pick up a few performances, mostly of piano-forte music, which we had no room to notice in our last. These were: —

March 5. A Soirée Musicale at the Knabe Piano-forte Rooms, by Mr. John Orth, pianist, Mr. Wulf Fries, 'cellist, Miss Fanny Kellogg, soprano, with Mme. Dietrich Strong for an excellent accompanist. These artists are too well known to need our praise; so, as we were unable to be present, we will simply give the programme, which is unexceptionable: —

Piano Duet, Overture to "Rosamunde" . . . Schubert.
'Cello Soli:
(a) Aria Lotti.
(b) Capriccio Göttermann.
Aria, "As when the dove laments her love," . . . Handel.

From "Acis and Galatea,"
Sonata, in E-flat major, Op. 7 Beethoven.
Allegro, Molto, Largo, Allegro, Rondo.

Piano and 'Cello Duet, two pieces Rubinstein.
Song, "Tender and True" Morston.
Polonaise, E-flat major, Op. 22 Chopin.

March 21. Mr. S. LIEBLING, one of the most painstaking and enthusiastic among the younger pianists who have established themselves in Boston within a few years, gave a concert at Union Hall with the following programme: —

Sonata, for Piano (Op. 7) Grieg.
Allegro, Adagio, Minuetto, Finale.

Mr. S. Liebling.
Aria, "Bei diesem schönen Händchen" Mozart.

Mr. Clarence E. Hay.
Fantaisie, for Violin, "Faust" Wieniawski.
Mr. Albert Van Raalte.

(a) Rondo in C (from Weber's Sonata, Op. 24) Brahms.
(As a study for the left hand).

(b) Ballade (Op. 47) Chopin.

Mr. S. Liebling.
Aria, from "Don Giovanni" Mozart.

Miss Laura Schirmer.
Grand Fantaisie, for two Pianos (Op. 207, new) . . . Raff.
(First time in Boston.)

Messrs. B. F. Lang and S. Liebling.
Aria, "Honor and Arms," from "Samson" Handel.

Mr. Clarence E. Hay.
(a) "Thou art like unto a flower" Rubinstein.
(b) "Serenade" Raff.

Miss Laura Schirmer.
Soirée de Vienne (Nachtflüchter) Tausig.
Mr. S. Liebling.

Mr. Liebling undoubtedly has talent and a strong feeling for music. He brings out the tones well, plays with vigor, and has great facility in rapid fingering. But there is sometimes more fire than discretion in his heroic execution; many passages are over-loud, and some are blurred by reckless inattention to the pedal, — a habit which it should not cost him much, being so musical, to unlearn. A certain crudity and want of judgment seems to be the present drawback in his playing. The Sonata, by Grieg, has some pleasing ideas, but did not leave a deep impression. Mr. Liebling was at his best in Weber's "Perpetuum mobile" (made into a study for the left hand), and in Tausig's willfully difficult arrangement of Strauss's "Nachtflüchter" (Moth) waltz, which might be named "Nachtflüchter" (nightmare or torture). We were not greatly interested in the new Fantasia by Raff, for two pianos, except as it was finely played by Mr. Lang and the concert-giver. The high *opus* number (207) suggests the question whether Raff is not turning out too much work of late.

Miss Laura Schirmer, with her attractive presence, her delicate, sweet voice, and grace of style, made her vocal contributions highly acceptable. "Vedrai carino" was given tenderly, but she entered more completely into the spirit of the songs by Rubinstein and Raff; the "Ser-

enade," by the latter, is a lovely melody, and was interpreted in such a winning way that the singer was obliged to repeat it. Mr. Clarence E. Hay has a solid, telling, well-developed bass voice, which he used to good advantage in the Aria by Mozart, — a piece seldom if ever heard in our concert rooms, composed as an occasional piece for a singer in the part of Sarastro in the *Zauberflöte*, — but with more complete success in the heroic air from *Samson*, which he sang with great spirit and in a sustained and even style. Young Mr. Van Raalte is steadily developing into an artist as a solo player on the violin.

A very interesting concert was that given on the evening of March 24, at Union Hall, in compliment to Miss JOSEPHINE E. WARE, a modest, interesting maiden, yet in the middle of her teens, and one of the most gifted and truly musical of Mr. Sherwood's pupils. She certainly has made remarkable progress in piano-forte execution, and in the intelligent interpretation and expression of a high order of music for one so young. Her treatment of compositions by Bach and Handel, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann, Saint-Saëns, etc., was tasteful and sympathetic. All was neat and clear, well phrased, with plenty of both power and delicacy of touch, indeed a high degree of brilliancy and finish, while she entered into the spirit of each work. She began with a Prelude and Fugue in G, and a Gigue in D minor, by Bach, followed by a genial Fantasia in C by Handel. Next she played, with the artist-like accompaniment of Mr. C. N. Allen, the Sonata Duo for piano and violin, in C minor, by Beethoven, which went very satisfactorily. Another group of piano-forte solos consisted of the charming Minuet from Schubert's Sonata, Op. 78, the first Polonaise of Op. 26, by Chopin, and a captivating Mazourka (No. 2) by Saint-Saëns. These were followed by some characteristic little pieces, "im Volkston," by Schumann, for piano and 'cello (Mr. Wulf Fries), which were much enjoyed; and the concert closed with a brilliant if not particularly original Valse by Von Bülow.

The vocal numbers were sung by Miss S. E. Bingham, of Indianapolis, who has a beautiful contralto voice, giving evidence of good training, and who sang with unaffected, true expression and refinement, "Know'st thou the land?" from Gounod's *Mignon*, "Widmung" (Dedication), by Robert Franz, and "The Brook," by Schubert.

For both the young pianist and the singer the omens seem auspicious.

Before leaving the subject of piano-forte recitals, we may as well say what we have to say of a more recent one (April 4), at Chickering's Warerooms, by Mr. HENRY G. HANCHETT, an other advanced pupil of Mr. Sherwood's. It was an invited audience, completely filling the long room. Musical editors and critics were not only invited, but were challenged and instructed, through a very unique circular letter, to attend and to "report in unmistakable terms," whether the debutant is competent to "the position which he aims to fill," — that, namely, of "an exclusive pianist," that is to say, a pianist who can live by his virtuosity alone without having, like all other artists, great or small, to give lessons for his daily bread. He "wishes to record a decided success, or a total failure;" does "not mean to do half-way work," and does not want "half-way results," and there is nothing which he is so unwilling to face as "faint praise," not even "ignominious silence" on the part of the critics aforesaid.

We are really sorry for this silly *faux pas* on the part of a young man, who seems really to have talent and to be much in earnest about

what he has undertaken. And yet it looks a little as if the ambition for worldly success were stronger in him than the real love of music; if he can give music up so easily unless rewarded with decided and immediate success. Moreover, the alternative which he demands on the part of his judges is an absurd one and impossible. There is no absolute success for any one, nor can there be a total failure for one who can execute such a programme as we give below in such a manner, both of technique and expression, as to win the recommendation of a teacher like Mr. Sherwood. It is asking too much of "the critics" that they should by jury vote determine a young aspirant's career for him; nor can he rely on such a vote with half the confidence he could upon a single wise and candid friend. This was the formidable programme: —

Das wohltemperirte Clavier Bach.
a. C minor, Book 1.
b. E-flat major, Book 2.
Sonata, Op. 2, No. 3, in C Beethoven.
Allegro con brio — Adagio.
Scherzo, Allegro — Finale, Allegro assai.
Les Preludes, Symphonic Poem Liszt.
(Arranged by the author for two pianos.)
Romanza from Op. 5 Saran.
Scherzo, Op. 31, D-flat major Chopin.
Kreisleriana, Op. 16, No. 3 Schumann.
Rigoletto — Paraphrase Liszt.

Now Mr. Hanchett, as we have said, showed talent and a certain kind of musical feeling and enthusiasm, — how fine or deep we would not undertake to say upon a single hearing. His playing was far from being altogether bad; it would be wrong to call it a "total failure;" it had many excellent qualities. He has great strength, rapidity and certainty of finger; he achieves long stretches of most difficult execution in a triumphant manner; phrases intelligibly, and has considerable light and shade. But there are great faults. In the Bach pieces he betrayed a continual tendency to hurry, making the movement uneven and spasmodic. In the Beethoven Sonata the quick movements were taken at an exaggerated tempo, making the little phrase of four sixteenth notes in thirds, in the first theme, sound like only three. And he is apt to pound the instrument with startling force. The strong, stern chords, to which the pleading, delicate figures respond in the Adagio, were made painfully and ruthlessly explosive like so many discharges of heavy ordnance. We thought him most successful in the Liszt paraphrase and in the arrangement of "Les Preludes," which his teacher played with him. We can thank him also for the opportunity of renewing acquaintance with that most original and beautiful Romanza from the Sonata-Fantasia by Saran, though the interpretation rather lacked "true inwardness" (to use a vulgar cant term for what has a good meaning in the German). His selection from Schumann's *Kreisleriana* was one of the least familiar and very interesting.

We trust Mr. Hanchett will not be sickened by half praise, nor discouraged by even wholesale condemnation, but will continue to study and improve, winning success by gradual and sure steps, and reconciling himself to the conditions by which even the most gifted of performing artists have to live. A foolish letter should not be allowed to compromise his future.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. — The eighth and last of the Symphony Concerts of the fourteenth season fell upon about the stormiest and most disagreeable day of the whole winter; yet the audience was much the largest and the best of the season. And the close and deeply interested attention paid to the very end of a concert of unusual length (two hours and twenty minutes), to a programme which would have been called "heavy" a few years ago, was the most

hopeful omen we have seen for a long time as to our prospects for orchestral music, by our own local orchestra, in coming seasons. It was the crowning success of a series of truly noble and delightful concerts, recognized as such by all who have attended them. Indeed this series, although the pecuniary support has still fallen short of the expenses, which have been put upon the most economical footing, has involved a comparatively small loss, while it has gone far to win back the old favor with which these concerts used to be regarded, and to convince our musical citizens of the ability and of the pains-taking zeal of our musicians and their indefatigable conductor. Considering the hard times and how poorly musical entertainments generally have paid, the Symphony Concerts may be said to have succeeded. They have revived public faith in such things, and it will be strange if means and measures be not found before another season for putting them upon a generous and permanent footing.

This success must be credited in a great measure to the generous conduct of the members of the orchestra, who have rehearsed with unusual fidelity and zeal at a reduced rate of pay, and have even given extra rehearsals of their own accord purely for the sake of doing justice to some new and difficult work. The same unselfish spirit has been shown — the same devotion to the concerts for the sake of keeping them alive, and from the patriotic motive of Art culture — by the solo artists who have so enriched the programmes. It is a mistake to suppose, as we have seen often intimated in the newspapers, that the revival of interest in the concerts, and the marked improvement in the playing of the orchestra, has been due to any "new departure" in the policy of the managing committee, such as the infusion of a greater variety of elements, a larger proportion of "new music," etc., into the programmes. The amount of new music given has been just about the same as for several seasons past; the preponderance of standard classical works has hardly varied, and the complexion of the programmes has undergone scarcely any change that is perceptible. But somehow, since formidable competition was withdrawn, the public has been in a more reasonable and receptive mood towards our own local efforts, and our musicians have heartily exerted themselves to do their best; and verily they have their reward, for henceforth their good-will and their competency will be believed in. — If anybody doubts the good achieved by such a series of concerts and rehearsals, let him pay attention this week to the performance of Bach's "Passion Music," and ask himself where we could have looked for an orchestra so well prepared to take hold of its difficult accompaniments at such short notice, but for this season's training in the symphonies and other master-works?

The audience poured out, lingeringly, from the hall, exchanging congratulations on the finest and most interesting concert of some seasons in spite of its great length and the solid character of these selections: —

Heroic Symphony, No. 3, in E-flat, Op. 55 . . . Beethoven.
Allegro con brio — Marcia funebre — Scherzo

— Finale.
Piano-forte Concerto, in A minor, Op. 54 . . . Schumann.
Allegro affettuoso — Intermezzo (Andantino grazioso) — Allegro vivace,
Franz Rummel.

Overture to "Preciosa" Weber.
Fantasia on Hungarian Airs, for piano-forte with orchestra Liszt.
Franz Rummel.

Overture to "Leonora," No. 3, in C . . . Beethoven.

The Heroic Symphony, which, with all its grandeur and its wealth of beautiful, original ideas, has often been found "heavy" and fatiguing to an audience, — partly no doubt on account of its great length, nearly an hour, — was

this time listened to with eager interest throughout. It has seldom if ever been so well presented in this city; if there was room for finer finish in detail, the life and true Beethoven fire of the great work were eloquently and convincingly brought out. For this is the symphony in which Beethoven first went his own way entirely and left the leading strings of his great models; then his genius, his full individuality shone out with startling brilliancy. All the movements went well; particularly the *Marcia Funèbre*, which had just the right solemnity of movement without dragging. As the great symphony opened and gave the tone to the concert, so the great Beethoven Overture, the ever welcome "Leonora" No. 3, formed the last word of the concert and the season. This, too, was finely played, as was the charming gypsy overture of Weber, furnishing a bright diversion in the middle of the programme.

We would rather have had some other less incongruous piece of brilliant virtuosity to follow up the *Preciosa* music, than that Hungarian Fantasia of Liszt's, which, after hearing so many of his Rhapsodies Hongroises for the piano alone, and finding them all essentially alike, all made out of the same materials, only worked up with new tricks of effect, still sounded as the same thing over again, more aggravated than enriched by the barbaric orchestration. Coming as it did in the midst of genuine great music, there was too much vulgarity and clap-trap about it. But it afforded a rare opportunity for Mr. Rummel to display his extraordinary virtuosity; nothing could exceed the verve, the brilliancy, the startling contrasts, the finesse and the polish of his execution, and it wrought a large part of the public up to such a pitch of excitement that he was recalled several times. Mr. Rummel gave a splendid rendering of the Schumann Concerto. We do not say it showed so deep and fine a feeling of the poetic quality of the work as we have been taught to know by others who had not his astonishing technique. But he played it with power, with great clearness, with rare delicacy and grace where that is required, and he went through it all with a freedom and a triumphant swing which carried his audience with him. He is certainly one of the most effective concert players we have had since Rubinstein and Von Bülow.

It may be interesting at the close of the season to take a survey of the matter which has been presented in the eight concerts. The following are the works by each composer. The asterisk denotes the first performance in these concerts, two asterisks the first time in Boston.

J. S. Bach. Organ Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, arr. by Liszt for piano. — *Pastorale from Christmas Oratorio — Orchestral Suite in D, entire. — *Concerto in D minor, for three Pianos, with String Orchestra. — Cradle Song from Christmas Oratorio.

Haydn. "Oxford" Symphony, in G (second time here). — *Symphony in D (Breitkopf and Härtel, No. 14).

Mozart. ** Piano Concerto in A major. — Overture to "Magic Flute."

Beethoven. Symphonies, Nos. 2, 3, and 7. — Piano Concerto, No. 5, in E-flat. — Overtures to "Prometheus," "Egmont," "Leonora," No. 3. — Adagio and Andante from the "Prometheus" Ballet. — *Scena: "Ah! Perfido."

Spoehr. Overture to "Jessonda."

Schubert. Overture to "Alfonso and Estrella." — Reiter-Marsch in C, transcribed for Orchestra by Liszt (second time). — ** Song: "The Young Nun," with Liszt's Orchestral Accompaniment.

Mendelssohn. Overtures to "St. Paul," and "Die Heimkehr aus der Fremde." — Nocturne and Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Weber. Overture to "Preciosa."

Schumann. Symphony in C. — Overture to "Genoveva." — Incantation and Entr'acte from "Manfred." — Piano Concerto in A minor.

Cherubini. Overture to "Anacreon."

Gade. "Ossian" Overture.

Hauptmann. * Song: "Ave Maria."

Meyerbeer. * Song: "The Fisher Maiden."

Chopin. E minor Concerto (Romance and Rondo).

Liszt. Tarantella from "Venezia e Napoli." — * Fantasia on Hungarian Airs, Piano and Orchestra.

Wagner. ** Siegfried Idyl (twice). — ** "Der Ritt der Walküren," Piano transcription by Tausig.

Raff. Suite for Orchestra, in C, Op. 101 (second time).

Brahms. ** Second Symphony, in D (twice).

Saint-Saëns. "Phaeton": Poème Symphonique (second time).

Habervier-Guilmant. * Prelude and Fugue transcribed for Piano by Mme. Rivé-King.

PASSION WEEK. — Bach's sublime and profoundly tender music to the *Passion*, according to St. Matthew, has made this a Passion Festival in Boston. Every day of the week the great work has been rehearsed, — on Monday and Tuesday by the orchestra and solo-singers; on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, public rehearsals or double chorus, solos, double orchestra, and organ, all combined; and on Good Friday (yesterday) the full performance — not a number or a passage of the whole work omitted — before an audience occupying every seat in the great Music Hall, of the First Part at three in the afternoon, and the Second Part at eight in the evening. It was simply the greatest event so far in the musical history of this country.

And what a hopeful sign of progress that so deep an interest should be taken in so difficult and formidable a work, dating from a century and a half ago! At the same time we may think with satisfaction of the quantity of Bach's music in various forms that has been presented and enjoyed in Boston during the past season. Besides what the symphony programmes have offered, which is enumerated above, there has been a great Cantata sung, with orchestra, by the Cecilia; a superb Motet for double chorus by the Boylston Club; and no end of Organ and Piano Preludes and Fugues, and smaller pieces in the various Piano-forte Recitals, particularly those of Mr. Sherwood.

This week we have had also the fourth and last Euterpe Concert (Wednesday evening); and Cambridge has had its third and last Chamber Concert by the same artists on Tuesday evening.

Close upon Good Friday comes the joyful Easter, and tomorrow evening the Handel Society will follow up their good work with Handel's jubilant, heroic *Judas Maccabæus*, — thus completely the most successful and remunerative Oratorio season which the old society has ever had. — And, as if this were not enough, on the 2d of May, an extra performance will be given, of *Elijah*, in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day when their efficient and esteemed conductor, CARL ZERRAHN, in a performance of the same work, first assumed the baton he has wielded ever since.

NEXT WEEK will bring its rich supply of music worth the hearing. On *Tuesday evening, 15th*, at Mechanics' Hall, the first of the Three Classical Concerts by Messrs. SHERWOOD, ALLEN, and FRIS. The programme includes a String Quartet by Rubinstein; Polonaise for Piano and 'Cello, Chopin; the great Piano Quintet by Schumann; and Songs by Mozart, Rubinstein, and Franz, to be sung by Miss Mary E. Turner.

— *April 16.* The BOYLSTON CLUB, Geo. L. Osgood, Conductor.

Thursday, 17th, at three P. M. Mme. RIVÉ-KING, who has been fulfilling numerous concert engagements in this city and vicinity during the past fortnight, drawing largely from her almost inexhaustible repertoire of the best classical and modern works for the piano-forte, will give her Farewell Recital for the season at Mechanics' Hall, assisted by the charming vocalist Miss Abbie Whinnery. The programme is one of exceptional interest, including for the concert-giver: Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata;" Allegro, from Schumann's "Faschingsschwank;" Op. 26; six pieces *en groupe* from Chopin (Nocturne in G minor, Op. 37; Berceuse; Impromptu, C-sharp minor, Op. 66; Valse, A-flat, Op. 34; Scherzo, B-flat minor; Rondo, E-flat, Op. 16); Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," and Andante and Rondo from the Violin Concerto, transcribed by Mme. King; and the Strauss-Tausig Waltz: "Man lebt nur einmal." There surely will be great interest felt in this Recital, for it is a much better thing to hear so finished a pianist in a small room than it can be in our great Music Hall.

— On the evening of the same day (*Thursday*), a concert for the benefit of the Chapel of the Evangelists will be given at Huntington Hall (Institute of Technology) by members of the choirs of the Advent, Emmanuel, and Trinity churches, assisted by Mr. J. C. D. Parker, Mr. C. N. Allen, Mr. Wulf Fries, Miss Mary Beebe, Dr. Langmaid, and other artists. The programme offers a choice selection of sacred choruses, vocal solos, and trios for piano, violin, and 'cello.

— *Friday evening, 18th.* The advanced Violin classes of the Boston Conservatory of Music, under the direction of their teacher, Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG, will give a concert at Union Hall, which will of course excite an interest.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, MARCH 24. — The fourth concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society took place on Saturday evening, March 15. The orchestral selections comprised the Suite in Canon form, Op. 10, by Otto Grimm (violin, viola, violoncello, contrabasso, obligato. Messrs. Brandt,

Schwarz, Bergner, and Uttröff); Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; and the ballet music from "Samson and Delilah," by Saint-Saëns. Miss Josephine C. Bates was the pianist.

Mr. G. Carlberg gave his fifth symphony concert at Chickering Hall, New York, March 22, with the following programme: —

Symphony in E-flat Haydn.
Concerto for Piano, No. 3, in C minor, Op. 37 Beethoven.

Miss Josephine Bates.

Overture: "Midsummer-Night's Dream" Mendelssohn.

Aria from "Acis and Galatea" Handel.

Miss Gertrude Franklin.

Nocturne (new) C. F. Daniels.

For Orchestra, with 'cello obligato.

Eine Faust Overture Wagner.

The Haydn Symphony, one of the best of the long list of similar works which have come down to us from that genial composer, was performed in a manner which was highly creditable to Mr. Carlberg and his orchestra. Mr. Brandt, the leader of the first violins, was very successful in his performance of the variation for solo violin, which was played to perfection. Miss Josephine Bates made her first appearance before a New York audience. She is, we understand, a pupil of Kullak. It would be very pleasant to compliment the lady upon the merits of her performance, as, for example, correctness, good taste, etc., but these qualities alone are not enough to make a pianist. Miss Bates should acquire more force and freedom of style before she again attempts such heavy work as the C minor concerto. Miss Gertrude Franklin has an exceptionally good voice, and has been well taught. She sang with good effect. The Nocturne, by C. F. Daniels, is properly a melody for violoncello, accompanied at first by violin pizzicato, and afterwards repeated by the orchestra. We believe that it was originally composed as a nocturne for piano, violin, and 'cello. It is very brief and unpretentious, but the theme is romantic and beautiful, and the subject is well worked up. That which is most to be dreaded in American compositions is the musical platitude, and this *bête noir* is not to be found in Mr. Daniels's work, which contains nothing trite or commonplace; therefore it is to be hoped we may have more of it.

A. A. C.

NEW YORK, APRIL 7, 1879. — Dr. Damrosch gave his sixth Symphony Concert at Steinway Hall, on Saturday evening, March 29, preceded by the usual public rehearsal on Thursday afternoon. The attendance was very large, owing to the unusual attractions offered in the programme, as well as the general desire of musical people to show their appreciation of the arduous and successful labor which has enabled the conductor to bring the season to a brilliant ending. The small hall at the back of the auditorium was thrown open to accommodate those who could not obtain seats in the main hall. The stage was beautifully decorated with flowering plants, after the manner usual at the Philharmonic Concerts in Brooklyn. The scene was impressive, and reminded one of the days when the Thomas enthusiasm was at its height. People are just now beginning to find out that it is possible to live without that worthy conductor.

The programme was an exemplification of contrast, for surely no two composers differ more widely in their methods and their results than Beethoven and Richard Wagner.

The selections were as follows: —

Richard Wagner:

Overture, "Tannhäuser."

Choral, from "Die Meistersinger."

For Chorus and Orchestra.

Kaisermarsch.

For Orchestra and Chorus.

L. Van Beethoven:

Ninth Symphony.

Orchestra Soli and Chorus.

The soloists were Mrs. Mary L. Swift, Miss Emily Winant, Mr. Chr. Fritsch, and Mr. E. A. Stoddard. The chorus was the Oratorio Society of New York. The *Tannhäuser* overture was nobly played, and the chorus did some excellent work in the choral from "Die Meistersinger," (which was repeated), and in the Kaisermarsch. The orchestral parts of the Ninth Symphony were well performed, and it is high praise of the soloists and the chorus to say that if it were possible to sing the parts assigned to them they would have sung them well.

"But what's impossible can't be,
And never, never comes to pass."

I give below the repertoire of the six concerts and public rehearsals given by Dr. Damrosch during the winter: —

Bach, J. S.:

Air from the Suite in D, for violin with string orchestra.

(Violin solo: Herr August Wilhelmj.)

Chaconne for violin solo. (Herr August Wilhelmj.)

Beethoven, Ludwig van:

Symphony in C minor (No. 5).

Symphony in D minor (No. 9). (Soli: Mrs. Mary Lou-

ise Swift, Miss Emily Winant, Messrs. Ch. Fritsch,

and A. E. Stoddard. Choral part: The Oratorio Society of New York.)

Concert in E-flat (No. 5), for piano-forte with orchestra

(Mr. Max Pinner).

Concert in D (first movement), for violin with orchestra

(Herr August Wilhelmj.)

Berlioz, Hector:
Symphony Fantastique, Op. 14 (Episode in the life of an artist)
Overture, "King Lear."
"La Captive." Reverie for contralto with orchestra (Miss Anna Drasdil).
Cherubini, Luigi:
Overture, "Anacreon."
Glinka:
Komariuskaja, Capriccio for Orchestra.
Goldmark Carl:
Overture, "Sakontala."
Grieg, Edward:
"At the Cloister Gate," for mezzo soprano, contralto, female chorus, and orchestra. (Misses Antonie Henne, Emily Winant, female chorus from the Oratorio Society.)
Concert in A minor for piano-forte with orchestra (Mr. Franz Rummel).
Handel, G. F.:
Allegro in D minor for string orchestra.
Air from "Xerxes" (Miss Anna Drasdil).
Haydn, Joseph:
Symphony in G (No. 9, Br. & H.).
Liszt, Franz:
"Les Preludes," Symphonic poem.
Mendelssohn, Felix:
Overture, "Fingal's Cave."
Raff, Joachim:
Concert in B minor for violin with orchestra (Herr August Wilhelmj).
Saint-Saens, Camille:
Symphony in A minor (No. 2).
Scharwenka, Xavier:
Concerto for piano-forte, Op. 32 (Mr. B. Boekelman).
Schubert, Franz:
Symphony, fragment in B minor.
Schumann, Robert:
Symphony in C (No. 2).
Sevensen, Johann:
Norwegian Melody for string orchestra.
Volkmann, Robert:
Serenade in D minor for strings and violoncello obligato (Mr. Fr. Bergner).
Wagner, Richard:
Overture, "Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg."
Choral from " " "
Prize Song from " " "
(Arranged for violin solo with orchestra, Herr August Wilhelmj.)
Overture, "Tannhauser."
"Kaisermarch" (with chorus).
Weber, Carl Maria Von:
Overture, "Euryanthe."

The last Philharmonic Concert of the season took place at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, April 5. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony was performed; also "Wotan's Farewell," and "The Fire Scene," by Wagner (from *Die Walkure*), and the "Carnival Roman" Overture, by Berlioz. Herr Wilhelmj played Lipinski's *Concerto Militaire* for violin and a transcription of Chopin's Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 1. The orchestral works were performed in the dreary, monotonous style to which the regular attendant at these concerts must now be well accustomed. The playing of Wilhelmj was of course superb. For encore he played a Romanza of his own and an air by Bach. The Mapleson Opera Company gave a farewell matinee on Saturday, April 5. The occasion was the benefit of Mme. Gerster, who sang in *Sonnambula* to the delight of some 3,000 auditors. At the conclusion of the performance Colonel Mapleson and the greater part of his troupe embarked for Europe on board the City of Chester.

The last of the Carlberg Symphony Concerts (for this season) will take place on April 12, with rehearsal April 10. Wilhelmj will play, and an attractive programme is offered, including Schubert's Symphony of "heavenly length."
A. A. C.

CHICAGO, APRIL 4.—The record of our musical season would not be complete without some passing mention of the "Marie Litta Concert" which took place on the evening of March 24, at Plymouth Church. She had the assistance of a local quartet (Mrs. Stacy, Mrs. Bagg, Mr. De Celle, Mr. Bowen), Mr. Walton Perkins, a young but promising pianist, and Mr. Owen, organist. The programme was of that so-called "popular" order, which does little for the elevation of musical culture. Miss Litta, following in the footsteps of so many opera singers, presented her audience with selections from her stage rôles, singing the "Caro nome" from *Rigoletto*, and the Polonaise from *Mignon*; and not forgetting the usual custom, gave "The Last Rose of Summer" for the inevitable encore. When we consider how much beautiful music there is so well adapted for the more quiet dignity of the concert stage, we cannot but regret that so many artists seem unmindful of its existence, and are "forever" giving us worn-out selections from the popular operas. Think of the stately arias of Handel which Robert Franz has so beautifully arranged; the concert arias of Mendelssohn, and Beethoven; and the vast number of lovely songs by Schumann, Schu-

bert, Franz, and Rubinstein, Liszt, and others of the modern school, that are yet unknown to the general musical public. True, it is often remarked that this class of music is out of place upon a "popular concert" programme. But do we want any more "popular" concerts (taken in the sense now used, meaning, doubtless, poor music), in this stage of our musical culture? I consider them hindrances to a healthy advancement, for they often fill the rightful place of better things. We must show our disesteem of bad programmes, and insist upon better offerings from the so-called great singers. If the public has a taste for songs that express a certain kind of sentiment, let the art of music, while it gratifies it, present vocal selections of such beauty, purity, and character, that the sentiment may be elevated into the realm of true culture. Music may be joyful, light, and sparkling, sad, grand, brilliant, solemn, and almost reach the heavenly in her perfection, but if she forgets her royal station, and panders to what is low in human nature, her art forsakes her, and her sweetness, beauty, and wondrous harmonies are gone forever. Art lives but in noble attainment, and in striving to reach the height of purity and beauty. If she is debased, she dies by the very consciousness of her guilt.

On Friday evening, March 28, the "Abt Society" gave its second concert presenting the following programme:—

The "Capstan Chorus"	Smart.
Serenade: "In Stilly Night"	Lachner.
"Marcia and Finale" from "Concertstueck"	Weber.
The "Equinox"	Kreutzer.
Aria: "Cupa Fatal Mestria"	Centemeri.
"The Village Blacksmith"	Hatton.
"A Fresh Song in the Forest"	Abt.
"Rhapsodie Hongroise" No. 15	Liszt.
"The Desert Fountain"	Gade.
Romance: "Marguerite's Three Bouquets"	Brega.
(Cello accompaniment by M. Eichheim).	
"Absence"	Abt.
{ a "Oh, Winter"	Gade.
{ b "King Witla's Drinking Horn"	Hatton.

As I have mentioned before in my notes, the gentlemen who compose this society have fine voices, and individually much culture in music. The concert on the whole gave much satisfaction to the large audience that was present. The singing indicated a better idea of finish than at the first performance. The greatest drawback (one easy to correct, however), to a perfect delivery, was a too enthusiastic endeavor on the part of a few of the first tenors to make themselves heard. In this way they forced their tones until the quality became quite disagreeable, and destroyed the balance of other parts. There should be no individuality or personal prominence manifested in chorus singing. Each person should sink the idea of self, and strive for the perfection of the whole. In the more delicate portion of their singing, in the soft parts, the blending of their rich voices had a delightful effect. Mrs. Farwell, who is one of our most accomplished singers, sang her numbers with much taste and refinement. Miss Neally Stevens, the pianist of the evening, is a graceful young lady, with a quiet and gentle bearing, and is devoted to her art, with such a strength of purpose and correctness of aim, that under the right influences she is sure to develop into something a great deal more than an ordinarily good player. She has a firm touch, no small amount of technique, and more than all, fine sentiment. Her phrasing at times indicates the novice; yet it is generally directed by a positive aim, and foretells that a wider experience, more study, and better opportunities for musical development, will ripen her talent so that she may accomplish greater things. On Monday evening last, one of the "Hershey Popular Concerts" was given under the direction of Mr. H. Clarence Eddy, with a fine programme—not by any means of the so-called "popular" order, Miss Ingersoll, Miss Hiltz, Miss Mayers, Mr. Knorr, and Mr. Lewis assisting.

On Saturday last Mr. Eddy gave his eighty-eighth organ recital, with a very fine and rich programme. It is in these home efforts that our musical culture finds the material for its best advancement.
C. H. B.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., APRIL 5.—The musical events which call for record at this writing are the performances of *Aida* and *Mignon* by the Strakosch Company, and of *Faust*, *The Chimes of Normandy*, and *Paul and Virginia* by the Hess Company. The former I found both interesting and enjoyable, in spite of some inevitable defects. The stage here is too small for *Aida*, and the orchestra and chorus were small. However, as it is hard for any opera troupe to pay expenses here, we have no right to complain of reduction of forces. The solo parts were uniformly good, except that Mr. Adams seemed to be in bad voice. I have never heard Miss Kellogg to better advantage. She did the showy Polonaise in *Mignon* most brilliantly, as well as it deserves to be given. Miss Cary, too, was at her best, and acquitted herself most admirably. I suppose the operas themselves are too well known to your readers to need any characterization from me.

The Hess Company was much lighter, the orchestra especially being weak to the point of insignificance. Think of giving opera with only two first violins, and only six stringed instruments in all! There were no horns and no bassoons. A piano eked out the accompaniment. I was unable to

hear their performance of *Faust*, but suppose it must have been very inadequate, of course. I should say it would have been better to give only the very lightest operas, in which the weak points would be less apparent. They certainly succeeded in making *The Chimes of Normandy* enjoyable. They gave it twice. I only heard it the second time, when Miss Randall took the two rôles of Mignonette and Germaine. Her voice seems to be well adapted for such parts, and her whole performance was very creditable and satisfactory. I think the strongest point in the whole piece was Mr. Ryse's acting of the part of Gaspard. His singing also was excellent. The other singers were fully equal to all that was required of them.

Paul and Virginia is intended to be a tragedy, but I cannot say that I was affected by it as if it were really one. I came away with the impression that it was nearly worthless rubbish. Miss Abbott sang her part skillfully, and both she and Mr. Castle were well received by the audience, which, on this evening, was respectably large. In the afternoon the house had been nearly empty.

I do not think the season could have been satisfactory to Mr. Hess, and the lack of patronage is not encouraging to operatic enterprises in Milwaukee. But I wish Colonel Mapleson would try the experiment of bringing here a company of artists of high rank, with full chorus and orchestra, to do great opera; a company in which the best of the Hess singers would necessarily take light subordinate parts. I think he might hope to succeed.
J. C. F.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

VIOLIN COLLECTORS.—A writer in the "Contributors' Club" of the *Atlantic Monthly* for March hits the nail on the head in these remarks: "When Mark Twain wrote his inimitable story of the rich uncle who ruined himself and his family by making huge collections of everything he could think of, from stuffed whales to echoes, he gave a very fair slip at those monomaniacs who have the rage of making collections for collection's sake. In most cases the collecting mania is as innocent a form of idiosyncrasy as any other; it can hurt nothing but the collector's own pocket; in some cases, indeed, it may have the beneficial effect of partially filling the vacuum in his skull. But there is one sort of collector who does real harm,—the man who insanely collects valuable stringed instruments, Stradivariuses or Amati violins and violas, cellos, and basses, and lets them lie in their cases in shameful inaction. Now, a valuable Stradivarius is not only a rarity, but it is an instrument which the art of music absolutely needs. The world cannot afford to have such a gem lie idle; its value as an authentic specimen of a famous maker's craft is incomparably less than its intrinsic value as a musical instrument. To take it out of the reach of fine artists, and place it on the shelf in a mere collection, is to commit larceny upon music. It properly belongs to the art of music, and should be honestly devoted to its service. The man who can keep such an instrument in his house merely for the pleasure of looking at it, and of knowing that he owns it, must have a queer conscience. Other collectors are very proper butts for ridicule. The violin collector rises to the sublime height of distinct immorality, and is not a fit subject for anything short of unsparring execration."

The latest discovery of unknown musical works is announced in a German musical paper to have taken place in Vienna, and this time Beethoven is the selected man. A double chorus, with orchestral accompaniment, which dates back to the time of the Vienna Congress, and a rondo for piano solo, with orchestral accompaniment, are the two compositions mentioned.

Mr. Carl Rosa, who seems to be meeting with unusual success in his present London season, has brought out an English version of *The Huguenots*, which has been received with marks of the highest approbation. Mme. Vanzini (known better to this public as Mrs. Jennie Van Zandt) did excellently well as Valentine, and Mr. Maas won a decided triumph as Raoul.

Saint-Saens has produced a new opera in four acts entitled *Etienne Marcel*, which has just been performed in Lyons. A London paper says that "the composer, despairing of ever seeing his piece mounted by a Paris theatre, carried it to Lyons, a step towards decentralization which has created much comment. Many of the Paris musical critics repaired to the first performance, and they are unanimous in praising the work."

Mme. Nilsson's husband, M. Rouzeaud, has purchased for £10,000 a one-third share in a large Parisian Agence de Change, and Mme. Nilsson has declined all further engagements for this and next season. As she has already signed, she will sing in Madrid, but she has declined a protracted tour in the French provinces. Mme. Nilsson will go to London in the summer, and may possibly sing in "Le Roi de Lahore." But owing to the new business engagements of her husband in Paris, she will not accept any offer of an engagement in the United States during next winter.

